Mark Twain's "Ad."

In his early Hartford days Mark Twain took an active interest in baseball in common with most of his fellow citizens. While attending an exciting game he lost a gold-headed umbrella, which he advertised for in the local papers somewhat after this fashion:

"Lost—$10 reward; a gold-headed umbrella was lost by the undersigned on the grandstand at the baseball ground on Saturday. It was probably stolen from him while he was engaged in cheering the Hartfords for their victory over the Providence nine—presumably stolen by a red-headed, freckled-faced boy about 12 years old. For the body of the boy and the umbrella delivered at my house on Farmington avenue $10 will be paid. For the body of the boy or the umbrella separately $5 for either. For the boy alive, nothing under any circumstances." This advertisement was signed with his full name and address.

Bold Invaders.

There were some phases of country life with which the little city girl had as yet only one day's acquaintance, but the rights of property-owners and property-renters were firmly fixed in her mind.

"Mother!" she called, in evident excitement, the morning after the family had settled for the summer in Sunset View Cottage, "mother! Just come here and look! There are somebody's hens wiping their feet on our nice clean grass!"

NO DAWDLING.

A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old with a 40-year-old habit grown to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies.

But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do find any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Oslerites by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40, only.

"I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change

"I am thankful to say I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take on Postum without any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise.

"For a man of my age, I am very well and hearty. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to boil it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, that seems convincing.

"Now, when I have writing to do, or long columns of figures to cast up, I feel equal to it and can get through my work without the fagged out feeling of old." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

RECRUIT HAS REVENGE.

Waited Three Years to Get Even with Man Who Played Joke.

As in every other walk of life, there are wags connected with the army recruiting service—men who positively delight in their little jokes occasionally. Those who perpetrate jokes sometimes come to grief as a result of one of them and the story is going the rounds about a certain sergeant who is at the head of a recruiting office not many miles from Rochester who had a little fun with a would-be recruit over three years ago and suffered the results very recently. In fact, he still bears the marks to prove it, says the Rochester Herald.

A big, brawny, six-foot farmer came into his office three years ago and said that he was tired of working hard and had decided to give up the strenuous life as a tiller of the soil and become a soldier. When asked what branch of the service he preferred the reply came swift and sure: "The easiest."

The recruiting officer thought a moment in silence and said: "Well, I guess you want to go into the cavalry, then."

Every one that knows anything at all about the army can vouch that the extra work entailed on the cavalrymen, consisting of the care of their own and the officers' horses, makes that the least desirable branch for a lazy man.

The young farmer seemed to have some brains, however, for he immediately asked if it wasn't harder because of that fact. The sergeant smiled in a pitying manner and answered:

"That shows how little you really know of the army. Why, there is a row of buttons near every cavalryman's bed and when he gets up in the morning he reaches over and pushes button 1, which shakes out the bedding; button 2 feeds the horse and button 3 puts the saddle on him. When that is done all you have to do is ring for a valet to help you dress and the work for the day is over, excepting for a few pleasant horseback rides, which is part of the drill work."

Evidently taking this as the gospel truth, the man enlisted and it didn't take him long to distinguish between the word-picture the sergeant had painted for him and the real thing. He was plucky in spite of his laziness and instead of trying to desert, as some men would have done, he buckled down to work and made the best of the situation.

Three years passed and his enlistment had run out. The sergeant, who is still located at the same station, had forgotten all about the episode. A few days ago the husky farmer came into his office, well browned by the sun of three years of open air life and stronger than ever because of his muscular development.

Walking up to the recruiting officer with the unfortunate sense of humor, he asked:

"You are Sergeant Blank, aren't you?"

Receiving an affirmative reply, he continued:

"Do you remember the fellow you told that pipe dream to about the cavalry service three years ago?"

The sergeant recognized him and started to grin at the recollection of the joke. The grin did not last long, for with a warning to get ready the soldier proceeded to wipe up the floor of the recruiting office with the joker. From all reports it appeared that he did a good job, too.

When he could collect himself again the ex-calvaryman was gone and the sergeant had nothing left to do but to dress his bruises and to mourn over his humorous faculties. It is said that he swore off jokes in every form the following day.

MILITARY VALUE OF COLOR.

Olive-Drab and Khaki Have Taken Place of the Blue.

At no time in the history of war has the question of color received so much attention from military men as within the last ten years. That the value of approximate invisibility has been fully recognized by our powers that be is fully shown in the passing of the blue uniform and the advent of the olive-drab and khaki. Accumulations of clear atmosphere are blue, it is pointed out, and the brighter the sun and the greater the distance of the object the bluer it appears; also the blueness is in proportion to the density of the object. From 2,200 to about 1,200 yards khaki in close formation gives exactly the effect of the blue uniform because of the banked-up atmosphere before it. Moreover, given a distance greater than 1,200 yards and a clear day, and it is all one whether massed troops wear green, blue, olive-drab, yellow, khaki or black. Red and white are about the only colors to remain unconquered by the atmosphere against a green or earth background, and when against the sky red still flaunts, but white goes out like the blowing out of a candle. This is probably the reason for the cavalry guidon having the red on top and for signal survey stations using red and white flags against a ground background and red and green against the sky.—Harper's Weekly.

Biblical Baseball.

A Canton (O.) theological student interested in baseball wrote a thesis on "Baseball Among the Ancients," from which are gleaned the following facts:

The Devil was the first catcher. Eve stole first—Adam stole second.

Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel.

Abraham made a sacrifice.

When Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with the pitcher.

Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian.

Samson struck out a great many times when he beat the Philistines.

The prodigal son made a home run.

David was a great long-distance thrower.

Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.

Free Translation.

Said Mamie to Pete: "Wot's de gal in de play
Mean when she sez: 'Dearest, adoo!'"
Said Pete: "I'm de guy wot can tell you de same.
Hit's de French, ye see, Mame, for 'Skidoo!'"

—Baltimore American.

A dog fight is a good deal like a man fight—both dogs really want to quit.

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XXII.

Matthew Mark Easton was a quick thinker if not a deep one, and it is those who think quickly who give quickly. This man had something to give, something to tear away from his own heart and hold out with generous, smiling eyes, and, before Miss Winter's door had closed behind him, the sacrifice was made. He called a hansom cab and drove straight to Tyars' club. He found his friend at work among his ship's papers, folding and making up in packets his receipted bills.

"Morning," said the Englishman. "These papers are almost ready to be handed over to you. All my stores are on board."

"Ah!"

Tyars looked up sharply, and as sharply returned to his occupation. Easton was grave, and Tyars knew that he had come with news of some sort. He waited, however, for the American to begin, and continued to fold and arrange his papers.

"I have," said Easton, sitting down and tapping the neat toe of his boot with his cane, "hit quite accidentally upon a discovery——"

"Poor chap!" muttered Tyars, abstractedly.

"Which will make a difference in your crew."

"What?" exclaimed Tyars, pausing in the middle of a knot.

"One rule," continued Easton, his queer little face twisting and twinkling with some emotion, which he was endeavoring to conceal, "was that no sweethearts or wives were to be left behind."

"What are you driving at?" asked Tyars, curtly, in a singularly lifeless voice.

"Well, old man, I have discovered a sweetheart."

Tyars threw the papers in a heap and rose suddenly from his seat. He walked to the mantel piece.

"Of course," he said, "your discovery can only relate to one person."

"Yes; you know whom I mean."

Tyars nodded his head in acquiescence and continued smoking. The little American sat looking in a curious way at this large, impassive, high-bred Englishman, as if gathering enjoyment and edification from the study of him.

"Well," he drawled, at length, "you say nothing!"

"There is nothing to say."

"On the contrary," returned Easton, "there is everything to say. That is one of the greatest mistakes made by your people. I have noticed it since I have been in this country. You take too much for granted. You let things say themselves too much, and you think it very fine to be impassive and apparently indifferent. But it is not a fine thing, it is silly and unbusiness like. Do you give up Oswin Grace?"

"Certainly; if you can get him to stay behind."

"He will run his head against a wall if he can. That is to say, is there is a thick enough wall around."

Tyars hesitated. "I am not quite sure that it is my business," he said. "I hate meddling in other people's affairs, and, after all, I suppose Grace knows best what he is doing."

"Men rarely know what they are doing under these circumstances," observed Easton.

He waited patiently, hat in hand, to hear what Tyars had to say. While he stood there, Muggins, the bull-terrier, rose from the hearth rug, stretched himself and looked from one to the other in an inquiring and anticipatory manner. He took it to be a question of going for a walk, and apparently imagined that the casting vote was him.

"All right," said Tyars, suddenly, "I will speak to him again."

"To-day?" pursued Easton, following up his advantage, "or to-morrow at the latest."

"Yes; to-morrow at the latest."

Then the American took his departure, and Muggins curled himself up on the hearth rug again with a yawn of disappointment.

Oswin Grace was seated in the bright little cabin at a table writing out lists of stores. Many of these same stores were piled on the deck around him, and there was a pleasant odor of paraffine in the air. Tyars closed the cabin door with his elbow.

"I do not see," he said, slowly and uncomfortably, "how you can very well go with us."

Grace laid aside his pen and raised his keen, gray eyes. His brow was wrinkled, his lips set, his eyes full of fight.

"Because," suggested Grace, in a hard voice, "I am in love with Agnes Winters?"

Tyars nodded his head and stooped to pick up his gloves, holding them subsequently close to the bars of the stove, where they steamed gayly. There was a silence of some duration, and every second increased the discomfort of Claud Tyars.

"And you," continued Grace, at length, very deliberately, "love Helen!"

Tyars stood upright, so that his head was very near the beams. He thrust his gloves into his pocket and stood for some seconds, grasping his short pointed beard meditatively with the uninjured hand.

"Yes," he said, "I do."

Grace returned to his ship chandler's bills with the air of a barrister who, having established his point, thinks it prudent to allow time for it to sink into the brains of judge and jury.

"I do not mind telling you," he added, carelessly, almost too carelessly, "that Miss Winters is perfectly indifferent on the subject."

"Do you know that for certain?" asked Tyars, sharply.

"She told me so herself," answered Grace, with a peculiar little laugh which was not pleasant to the ear.

He waited obviously for a reciprocal confidence on the part of Tyars; but he waited in vain.

"Of course," he said, "I have no desire to meddle with your affairs. I ask no questions, and I look for no spontaneous confidences. It will be better for you to lose sight altogether of the coincidence that I am—her brother."

Tyars had seated himself on the corner of the cabin table, with his back half turned toward his companion. He had picked up a piece of straw, of which there was a quantity lying on table and floor, and this he was biting meditatively. It was as yet entirely a puzzle to him, and this was only a new complication. He could not understand it, just as better men than Claud Tyars have failed to understand it all through. For no one, I take it, does understand love, and no man can say whither it will lead.

"There need," continued Oswin Grace, perforating a series of small holes in his blotting paper with the point of a cedar-wood pencil, "be no nonsense of that sort. I am going to take it upon myself to watch over Helen's interests; they are much safer in your hands than in mine."

Still Tyars said nothing, and after a little pause, Grace went on, in measured, thoughtful tones, carrying with them the weight of deliberation.

"There is one point," he said, "upon which I think there must be an understanding."

"Yes," said Tyars anxiously.

"Any risks—extra risks, such as boat-work, night-work up aloft—these must be mine. From what you have said, I gather that your intention was to be skipper, and yet do the rough work as well. When anything hazardous is to be done, I shall do it. You must stick to the ship."

"I have no doubt," said Tyars, seating himself at the table and beginning to open his letters, "that we are all constructing a very fine mountain out of materials intended for a molehill. I, for one, have no intention of leaving my bones in the far North. There is no reason why we should not all be back home by this time next year."

"None at all," agreed Oswin somewhat perfunctorily, adding, with a suspicion of doubt the next minute: "Suppose we succeed?"

"Well, what then?"

"Suppose we get there all right, rescue the men and go on safely: we get over the elemental danger, and then we have to face the political, which is worse."

"I do not see it," replied Tyars. "We sell the ship at San Francisco. Half the crew expect to be paid off there, the other half will disperse with their passage money in their pockets, and very few of them will find their way back to England. Our doctor is a German socialist, with several aliases; our second mate a simple-minded Norwegian whaling skipper. The exiles do not know a word of English, or pretend they do not, and none of the crew speaks Russian. There will be absolutely no intercourse on board, and only you, the doctor and myself will ever know who the rescued men really are. The crew will imagine that they are the survivors of a Russian ivory hunting expedition, and if the truth ever comes out, it will be impossible to prove that you and I knew better."

"But it will not be easy to keep the newspapers quiet."

"We shall not attempt to keep them quiet. It will only be a local matter. The San Francisco papers will publish libelous woodcuts of our countenances and a column or two purporting to be biographical, but the world will be little the wiser. In America such matters are interesting only in so much as they are personal, and there is in reality nothing easier than the suppression of one's personality. There is no difficulty in kicking an interviewer out of the room, just as one would kick out any intruder; and we are quite indifferent as to whether the American newspapers abuse us or not after having been kicked. As to the details of the voyage, I shall withhold those with the view of publishing a book, which is quite the correct thing nowadays. The book shall always be in course of preparation, and will never appear."

In this wise the two men continued talking, planning, scheming all the morning, while they worked methodically and prosaically.

The eleventh of March was fixed for the sailing of the Argo, exploring vessel, and Easton's chief thought on the subject was a vague wonder as to what he would do with himself after she had gone.

The Argo was to pass out of the tidal basin into the river at one o'clock, and at half-past twelve Easton drove up to the dock gates. He brought with him the last items of the ship's outfit in the shape of a pile of newspapers, and a bunch of hothouse roses for the cabin table, for there was to be a luncheon party on board while steaming down the river.

He found Admiral Grace strolling about the deck with Tyars, conversing in quite a friendly way, and endeavoring honestly to suppress his contempt for seamanship of so young a growth as that of his companion. The ladies were below, inspecting the ship under Oswin's guidance.

"She is," he said, addressing himself to the admiral, with transatlantic courtesy, "a strange mixture of the man-of-war and the yacht—do you not find it so, sir?"

"She is," answered the old gentleman, guardedly, "one of the most complete vessels I have ever boarded—though her outward appearance is, of course, against her."

"One can detect," continued the American, looking round with a musing eye, "the influence of a naval officer."

The old gentleman softened visibly. At this moment the ladies appeared, escorted by Oswin Grace—Miss Winter first, with a searching little smile in her eyes. Easton saw that she was very much on the alert.

"I feel quite at home," she said to him, looking round her, "although there are so many changes."

"So do I; the more so because the changes have been made under my own directions."

They walked aft, leaving the rest of the party standing together. As they walked, Oswin Grace watched them with a singular light in his clear gray eyes; singular because gray eyes rarely glisten, they only darken at times.

Presently the vessel glided smoothly between the slimy gates out into the open river. The tow-line was cast off, and the Argo's engines started. The vessel swung slowly round on the greasy water, pointing her blunt, stubborn prow down the misty river. She settled to her work with a docile readiness, like a farmer's mare on the outward road.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Had an acute but uninitiated observer been introduced into the little cabin of the Argo during the consumption of the delicate repast provided by her officers, he or she could scarcely have failed to notice a certain recklessness among the party assembled. Admiral Grace was the only one who really did justice to the steward's maiden and supreme effort, and he, in consequence, was singular in failing to appreciate the witticisms of Matthew Mark Easton and Oswin Grace. This was, perhaps, owing to the fact that when we have passed the half-way milestone in life, we fail to appreciate the most brilliant conversation. It is just possible that Admiral Grace did not think very much of the wit—taken as wit pure and simple. His position was not unique.

Once or twice Easton's words recurred to Miss Winter: "I intend to be intensely funny, and I guess you will have to laugh." This was her cue, and she acted upon it.

The meal came to an end and a move was made. There was nothing else to do but to go on deck. The moments dwindled on with the slow, dragging monotony which makes us almost impatient to see the last of faces which we shall perhaps never look upon again. Presently, the town of Gravesend hove in sight, and all on the quarterdeck of the Argo gazed at it as they might have gazed on some unknown Eastern city after traversing the desert. And then, after all—all the waiting, the preparation, the counting of moments, and the calculating of distances—the bell in the engine room came as a surprise. There was something startling in the clang of gong as the engineer replied.

Helen was the last to rise. She stood holding the shawl which Oswin had spread over her knees, and looked round with a strange, intense gaze. The steamer was now drifting slowly on the tide with resting engines. There were two boats rowing toward her from Gravesend Pier, one a low, green-painted wherry for the pilot, the other a larger boat, with stained and faded red cushions. The scene—the torpid, yellow river, the sordid town and low riverside warehouses—could scarce have been exceeded for pure, unvarnished dismalness.

Already the steps were being lowered. In a few moments the larger boat swung alongside, held by a rope made fast in the forecastle of the Argo. A general move was made toward the rail. Tyars passed out on the gangway, where he stood waiting to hand the ladies into the boat. Helen was near to her brother; she turned to him and kissed him in silence. Then she went to the gangway. There was a little pause, and for a moment Helen and Tyars were left alone at the foot of the brass-bound steps.

"Good-by," said Tyars.

There was a slight prolongation of the last syllable, as if he had something else to say; but he never said it, although she gave him time.

"Good-by," she answered, at length; and she, too, seemed to have something to add which was never added.

Then she stepped lightly into the boat and took her place on the faded red cushions.

The Argo went to sea that night. There was much to do, although everything seemed to be in its place, and every man appeared to know his duty. It thus happened that Tyars and Grace had not a moment to themselves until well on into the night. The watch was set at 8 o'clock. For a moment Tyars paused before leaving his chief officer alone on the little bridge.

"What a clever fellow Easton is!" he said. "I never recognized it until this afternoon."

(To be continued.)

ROUNDUP OF WILD HORSES.

Range in State of Washington to Be Cleared of Grass Consumers.

One of the most exciting chases, if it may be so called, that has taken place since the era of the grand buffalo hunt ended on the great plateau, is the proposed round up of 18,000 wild horses in Douglas County, Washington. As scheduled, 400 cowboys will take part in the ride after these wild creatures of the range. The purpose is to rid the range of this great band of grass consumers and the effort, presumably, will be to dispatch rather than capture the horses.

These untamed and practically untamable animals are the product of nature left to itself on the great range for thirty years. The stock is interbred and, of course, underbred, and has no place in the economy of civilized life. While its extermination will be a gain to the legitimate stock breeding and raising interests of the section over which the horses have so long roamed at will, the instincts of humanity are shocked at the cruelties that will be inflicted through the means by which this purpose is to be accomplished.

Perhaps this is the best that can be done at this stage of affairs to rid a wide section of the country of a veritable pest to the stock industry. Like many other scourges, the remedy for this plague of wild horses lays in prevention. The careless settlers of thirty years ago who allowed their ponies to run uncared for on the range year after year were culpable in this matter. The result has been a multiplication of unprofitable animals that have eaten out the grass on the range for years to the detriment of the interests of a legitimate stock industry. Now comes the necessity of repairing the consequences of the settlers' carelessness and a "roundup" looking to the extermination of thousands of these wild creatures, with such cruelties as will be necessary to accomplish that end. The chase will be an exciting one, no doubt, and the ultimate result will be beneficial.

Corn Growers Are Wasteful.

While fully recognizing the value of corn crop in all sections and particularly in the West, where it is so largely grown, the fact remains that more of it is wasted than should be. Western farmers wear out themselves and their horses plowing under constalks which could be put into the ground much more easily and inexpensively by cutting the stalks, shredding them and feeding them to the stock, so as to have the manure for the soil. If humus is needed it can be much more easily supplied than by plowing under cornstalks. Farmers of the East cannot understand why their brethren of the West follow corn with corn; perhaps, in the East, it is realized that the time has been when the changes was forced on them, as it must be, eventually, in the West. We may follow corn after corn now and for some years to come successfully, but we'll have to stop it sometime. Further, why should we continue it until forced to stop, either in the West or elsewhere?

If sections have found the rotation of crops profitable is there any reason to assume that it will not be equally successful elsewhere? On the other hand, if a soil is able to grow crop after crop of corn with success, is it not fair to assume that a short rotation, say three years, would give crops which would be more profitable and leave the soil in much better condition? Think it over, or, better still, experiment a little on small plots, and see what the result is.

Bone and Sinew.

"Do you see that distinguished-looking man over there with glue-colored whiskers? Well, he furnishes the bone and sinew of the nation."

"You don't say. Is he the head of a physical culture college?"

"Nope."

"Recruiting station?"

"Way off."

"Then what is his line?"

"Why, he runs a 3-cent lunchroom."

Dead Game.

Gunner—They say, despite their lethargicness, the people of Philadelphia are dead game sports.

Guyer—I should say they are dead-game sports. They still play ping-pong.—Columbus Dispatch.

LINCOLN'S WEAPON.

How He Employed Ridicule for His Client's Benefit.

Wit and ridicule were Lincoln' weapons of offense and defense, and he probably laughed more jury cases out of court than any other man who ever practiced at the bar.

"I once heard Mr. Lincoln defend a man in Bloomington against a charge of passing counterfeit money," Vice President Stevenson told the writer. "There was a pretty clear case against the accused, but when the chief witness for the people took the stand he stated that his name was J. Parker Green, and Lincoln reverted to this the moment he rose to cross-examine. 'Why J. Parker Greene? What did that J. stand for? John? Well, why didn't the witness call himself John P. Green? That was his name, wasn't it? Well, what was the reason he didn't wish to be known by his right name? Did J. Parker Green have anything to conceal, and if not, why did J. Parker Green part his name in that way?' And so on. Of course, the whole examination was farcical," Mr. Stevenson continued, "but there was something irresistibly funny in the varying tones and inflections of Mr. Lincoln's voice as he rang the changes upon the man's name; and at the recess the very boys in the street took up the slogan and shouted 'J. Parker Green!' all over the town. Moreover, there was something in Lincoln's way of intoning his questions which made me suspicious of the witness, and to this day I have never been able to rid my mind of the absurd impression that there was something not quite right about J. Parker Green. It was all nonsense, of course, but the jury must have been affected as I was, for Green was discredited and the defendant went free."

The Tide Turned.

"There's a girl who ought to be sued for damages by the Union Traction Company! Her face stops traffic every time she looks toward the car lines."

"Which girl?"

"The one just ahead of us."

The speakers were two young men and the "girl just ahead" chanced to overhear the remark. Her eyes blazing with anger, she turned upon her critics and demanded:

"What do you mean by saying my face would stop a trolley car?"

"Pardon me, my dear young lady," quickly responded the offender. "You are mistaken as to what I said. I said your face stops traffic every time you look toward the car lines. Well, that's true. One sight of your pretty face makes the motorman forget his business, and he instinctively turns off the power."

A beatific smile illumined her face, and the incident was closed.

The total population of Canada equals that of the State of Ohio.

Appropriate.

"What tune is that the landlady's daughter is playing?" queried the new boarder.

"Oh, that's a conglomerated mixture of airs from different operas," explained the old boarder.

"I see—sort of musical hash, as it were," said the n. b.